



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

MISCELLANY

THE SICKLE IN THE WHEAT

On the Atlantic seaboard November is the loveliest part of the year, not only because of cool nights, crisp morns and sunshiny noons but owing to the feast of beauty that Nature spreads before us at this time by day and by night. Delicious fruits, delightful flowers of autumn accompany the turn of the leaf; in our favored land the foliage takes on colors that seem to belong to another world . . . and yet, this has been the month to prove fatal to half a dozen painters! As if it were determined somewhere that they should be removed at the very end and climax of the most glorious turn of the revolving year. Yet, does not the pedantic poet say: "Autumn vigor gives equal, intenerating, milky grain?" while Dryden, if he had migrated to the colonies and sung the American seasons, would never have dared to make the following picture of the fall o' the leaf:

Autumn succeeds, a sober, tepid age,
Nor froze with fear, nor boiling into rage;
Last, Winter creeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his front and furrowed is his face.

Of two of the painters gone away it may be said that the brilliant colors of our country affected their work to advantage after a preliminary session of youthfulness during which they succumbed for a time to the inferior atmospheric charms and color of Europe, namely: Ranger and Bunce. To the former especially we may apply the lines of Susan Coolidge:

The Autumn seems to cry for thee
Best lover of the Autumn days. . . .

Perhaps to the fact that Henry Ranger passed his 'prentice years in Holland rather than France or Germany is due the trend of his later work toward color, for not alone the old Dutch masters, but the modern school of Dutch landscape and marine has not feared to register the rich tones in nature and, so far as brushwork goes, has approved a laying on of the paint which few Frenchmen in the academical section have practised. When Ranger returned from Europe he had already a strong colorful method and as he went on painting American landscapes he learned more and more to throw the European aspect of nature overboard and discover an atmosphere and a color-scheme which exist here, and here only. He was a trifle dogmatic in his views of art, was Ranger; there was a bit of the pedagogue in him; but that made him for many years a force among the painters who wrought among the stately, old-worldly pastures of Lyme, Connecticut. Then he moved away to a smaller empire of his own, to Noank and an island on the edge of the Sound, where he could paint and perorate undisputed and undisturbed. His woodland and shore scenes have magnificent color and mass.

William Gedney Bunce was no less a racy character, no less an American, perhaps more so than Ranger, but he lingered much longer in Europe, especially in Venice, where he loved to compose color schemes far removed from the photographic appearance of the city of the lagoons, pictures he infused with some of the savor of his own eccentric personality—or gruff urbanity—if the paradox be forgivable. Bunce was remarkable for a narrow but well-defined color-sense and it was due to a preference among his own countrymen for pictures of Europe rather than those of American scenery that he painted Venice instead of Connecticut. Not that Americans alone were his patrons; no less a person than Queen Victoria was among his patrons. Had he been an Englishman, this would have made his fortune; but apparently the British do not think it necessary to imitate royalty in patronage of artists unless the latter are English; if foreigners, they often decline to follow suit. Whenever Bunce painted home landscapes his pictures were perhaps finer than those he made when abroad, but not so salable for the reason stated.

The death of William M. Chase is noted elsewhere. He also died in November.

A fourth painter who left us in November is Charles Noel Flagg, born in Brooklyn, but no less identified with Connecticut than Bunce and Ranger. His chief field was portraiture, but he taught at New Haven and Hartford and wrote a good deal. Peculiarly lively and attractive in manner, he was a social force wherever he went and his death affects a wider circle than that of either one of the others. He came of a family with many painters to show, during several generations; his brothers are Montgomery Flagg and Ernest Flagg, architect of the Singer and other important edifices.

Henry Ranger left a large estate and bequeathed \$200,000 to the National Academy of Design as a special fund for the purchase of paintings by American artists. Two-thirds of the income is to be devoted to works by painters over forty-four years of age and the other third may go to those of younger men. These pictures are to be donated to American institutions of art and to libraries having a gallery open to the public; but the National Gallery in Washington is to have the preference among the recipients, a first option under certain limitations as to time in making a choice. The Council of the Academy is to exercise the delicate function of choosing and bestowing these gifts.

* * *

THE NEW DIME AND THE NICKEL

The new design for the silver ten-cent piece by A. A. Weinman is a fortunate change from the old one in so far as the head of liberty is concerned. That epicene lady on the old dime with the neck of

a coalheaver, the face of a Flemish cook and no top to her head under the liberty cap, that person of dubious sex, is now a definitely feminine and not uncomely person who wears a close-fitting cap to which wings are attached. "Liberty" is the inscription, likewise "In God We Trust" and "1916." But there is a little W behind the divinity's neck which gives much trouble to some people because it stands for the name of the sculptor.

Now there is precedent for the appearance of the initials of artists on coins of the United States, but, as we found in the case of the Lincoln penny by Brenner, there are those who regard such signatures as unwarranted. However that may be, here is another instance when a sculptor has been clever enough to run the gantlet of the United States Treasury plus the Mint, and manages to land an initial on a coin. They say that Yankees are pushing and even impudent, but the two sculptors in question are foreign born, naturalized Americans, with nothing of the Yankee about them. Mr. Weinman's dime has merit obversely, but the reverse leaves much to be desired. Here we have the fasces of a Roman lictor, symbol of the life-and-death power of the Roman magistrate before whom the fasces were borne—the headman's axe peeps from the bundle of rods. The latter is relieved against a leafy branch of laurel which detracts from rather than improves the design.

Few sculptors exhibit a feeling for the delicacies of medal or coin, the sense of proportion, the knowledge how much to place on a small round surface. In the Lincoln penny Brenner has made the head just a trifle too small; the designer of the new nickel five-cent piece has made the head of the Indian, as well as the figure of the buffalo much too large for the circle. We are slowly improving our coins on the artistic side, but we have a great deal to do in this matter before we can hope to have them what they might easily be made—little art works that will speak well for the taste of Americans.

* * *

ZIGZAGS OF HEWLETT ABOUT TUSCANY

In his books of discovery dealing with nooks and corners of central Italy the author of "Earthwork Out of Tuscany" and "Road in Tuscany" pokes into nooks and corners of art and now and then pokes fun at art critics and historians who are guiltless of all sense of the ridiculous. He makes himself the champion of painters and sculptors whom the solemn ones—not content with placing in the second rank—have deprived of all command. Somewhat stilted in style, Hewlett is more readable than the ordinary overwrought British stylist. In his "Road in Tuscany" there are sticking bits anent Italian literature and Italian art. Concerning Tuscany he says: "If Tuscany itself was never a nation—as essentially it was not, but rather an estate of the Medicis—how should Italy be?"

Sempre la confusion delle persone
Principio fu del mal della cittade

says Cacciaguida to Dante. Where every townsman's hand was against his neighbor, the city was at the mercy of the most ruthless hand, and if, as mostly

was the case, there were two hands equally strong, it must fall to the foreigner. So fell one after the other all the towns in Tuscany to the strongest of the Medici; and so had fallen Florence herself to this most Florentine race.

"So much for character in Tuscan history; in Tuscan art, if I am not mistaken, it is the root of the whole matter.

"Just as Tuscan landscape is by no means pre-eminently beautiful, so Tuscan art, judged by the standards of Venice, Holland, Spain, fails in respect of body, form and abiding splendor, and Tuscan literature (Dante and Macchiavelli always apart) is trivial and diffuse.

"The charm of all three is character in landscape: the distinct clean colors—the gray, the cool blue, the yellow—the shapes of the trees, cypress, plane and ilex, and above all the buildings, which make the Val d'Arno a garden; in art the candor of the child, which every Tuscan is, though it make parody of tragedy and mystery play of the Christian verities, disarms the mind by stroking the heart.

"To look at the Tuscan picture, to judge it, is to feel your little son's hand at your chin at the moment you will scold. What can you do but give the sweet coax a kiss? And so in literature. There is a scent, an aroma, a pungency indefinable about the most frivolous Tuscan sonneteer, an orderly disposition in the conduct of their insipid novels—qualities which as a writer you must respect and as a reader admire; qualities which set rhymes and rhymesters apart. Other things may be better done but not these things. A Tuscan is always himself.

"Every field apart" remarks Hewlett "is a welcome field when once you can see the people who till it and those who go a-reaping there. Lastly, let technique and all such frippery be far from him. These things conceal exactly what he wishes to discover; they are trade secrets which amuse and instruct the trade.

"Let cooks delight in the mixing of dishes, but let gentlemen eat of them."

* * *

THE NEW YORK WATER COLOR CLUB

This year's exhibition of the New York Water Color Club is very interesting and deserves a visit from every one interested in art as well as close study. Let us hope the public has not neglected it.

Some charmingly poetic things are there, worthy to hang on any parlor wall and likewise a number of amusing trivial things, not very good, not very bad. But, hilarious to contemplate, space is given to some degenerate Futuristic creations.

Why the jury of acceptance could not see that these degrading art dodgers lower the prestige of the Club and its members in the mind of a normal public is a mystery. Are they bent on self-destruction—as far as the respect of the public and its patronage is concerned? How many more artists shall there be, forced to starve before they recognize that the sane public respects only sane art?

Then there is the surprise of the Hudnut prize. Ordinarily the awarding of prizes in the current art exhibitions rouses no interest in any one beyond a few artists concerned and their friends. But at this